Volume LXII CHICAGO, OCTOBER 1, 1908 Number 5

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Even as the sculptor's chisel, flake on flake,
Scales off the marble till the beauty pent
Sleeping within the block's imprisonment
Beneath the wounding strokes begins to wake —
So love, which the high gods have chosen to make
Their sharpest instrument, has shaped and bent
The stubborn spirit, till it yields, content,
Its few and slender graces for love's sake.
But the perfected statue proudly rears
Its whiteness for the world to see and prize,
The past hurt buried in forgetfulness;
While the imperfect nature, grown more wise,
Turns with its new-born good, the streaming tears
Of pain undried, the chastening hand to bless.

—*Owen Innsly.*

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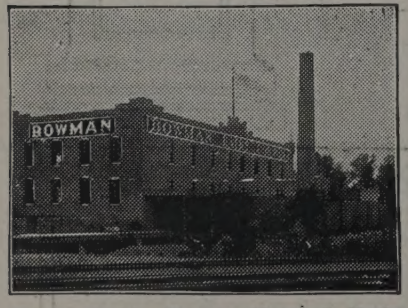

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VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908 NUMBER 5

Of Virtue

The flower of Virtue is the heart's content;
And fame is Virtue's fruit that she doth bear;
And Virtue's vase is fair without and fair
Within; and Virtue's mirror brooks no taint;
And Virtue by her names is sage and saint;
And Virtue hath a steadfast front and clear;
And Love is Virtue's constant minister;
And Virtue's gift of gifts is pure descent.
And Virtue dwells with Knowledge, and therein
Her cherished home of rest is real love;
And Virtue's strength is in a suffering will;
And Virtue's work is life exempt from sin,
With arms that aid; and in the sum hereof,
All Virtue is to render good for ill.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

The cost of the riot at Springfield, Ill., is put down at two hundred sixty-four thousand dollars for damage suits. This is what Illinois has to pay for a political administration, a constabulatory appointed by pull and by graft.

Our readers will rejoice with us in the appearance in another column of our late yoke-fellow, Dr. H. W. Thomas, who, as pastor of the People's Church in Chicago, did so much to modify the climate. After a long illness Dr. Thomas writes us he is "slowly gaining strength and is in a fair way to be well again." We send Dr. and Mrs. Thomas our greeting and congratulation.

Something strange and great has been happening on the Bosphorus; there is too little notice taken of the Turkish revolution. The new regime, a constitutional government, not only receiving the sanction but the support and apparent initiative of the Sultan, is the most surprising thing that has transpired in the political world for many years. It may be an epoch-marking event in the twentieth century.

Radicalism is not a matter of longitude. Maine has joined hands with Oregon in heroic legislation and with a decided majority established the initiative and referendum. There are multitudes of intelligent people who ask, Will it Work? Such will do well to read the article by George H. Shibley in the Sep- initiative and referendum have come to stay and to grow. They are the logical necessity of republicanism.

It is strange to read that the German Emperor's recent declaration in favor of peace was born out of the necessities of international trade. The *Congregationalist,* commenting upon the matter, says, "German trade is largely carried on by the aid of French capital. War with France might mean a victory on the Rhine but it would also mean ruin for the manufacturing centers of Prussia and Saxony. The selfishness of nations makes steadily for peace." It may be so, and still our hope for peace lies in the triumphs of love rather than in the logic of the dollars. War is born of selfishness; peace of love.

The *Literary Digest* tells us that more than one hundred and fifty attempts have been made to construct an international language, and gives the list of some sixty such attempts, with the names of the inventors and dates, that have been made during the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth centuries. Among these the two best known are Volapuk, which was "invented" in 1879, and Esperanto, which dates from 1887. There is something prophetic as well as pathetic in this dumb groping towards brotherhood. These inventors were not cranks or fools, though their products may be very cranky. They were yielding more or less unconsciously to the world spirit, the necessity of the age.

E. I. Galvin and Francis Tiffany are among the late names of those who have been gathered to their fathers after rendering high service to the great cause of religious progress and civic righteousness. The names of both appear in the Unitarian list but their service reached far beyond the lines. Mr. Galvin fell among his vines in California. Mr. Tiffany laid down his tireless pen in Massachusetts. Galvin had a long record as a missionary, the most notable of which perhaps was his many years' service at the head of the Athanaeum, organized as a Christion Union in Chicago. Mr. Tiffany was a man of letters in the pulpit. As an editorial writer on the *Boston Herald* his ministry was continued to the ripe age of eighty-one. In the death of these friends UNITY has lost loyal supporters and the editor thereof loving comrades.

It is hard to survey the line between radical and conservative in these days. The most progressive in theology are oftentimes hesitating if not reactionary in sociology. The Unitarian ministry, which has so long occupied the van in the religious thinking, are in danger of being outsped by many ministers who hold what, to them, are "old fogy" views on sociological lines. But some of the Unitarians are determined to keep to the front here as elsewhere, now as ever. A movement is afoot to organize "The Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice," the object of which is

"to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day." Good enough. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Robert Collyer's colleague in the Church of the Messiah in New York, is President, Rev. W. W. Peck of Winchendon, Mass., is Secretary. Any person in sympathy with these purposes may become a member by the payment of a yearly fee of one dollar. We hope many of our readers will send on their dollars.

A cablegram to the *Chicago Tribune* of Monday last announces that the Rev. Gertrude von Petzold, pastor of the Free Christian Church of Leicester, England, preached her farewell sermon yesterday and is about to sail to accept the pastorate of the Church of Good Will of Streator, Ill. The cablegram says: "She is the first woman preacher appointed to any church in this country; she was the first woman minister to officiate at a marriage in this country; she served as pastor of the Leicester church for four years." Miss Von Petzold is a Prussian by birth and she has studied at Edinburgh and Oxford universities. A year ago she was a delegate at the great International Council of Liberals held in Boston and charmed vast audiences with the earnestness of her spirit, clearness of thought and attractiveness of her personality. We hasten to welcome before her arrival this new recruit to the progressive ministry of the West. Here a woman preacher is no curiosity and a woman in the pulpit no doubtful experiment. She will find here an open way to all the privileges and perplexities that the masculine minister is heir to.

It will be a shock to many of the readers of UNITY, as it was to the Senior Editor, to learn of the ill health of our associate and neighbor, R. A. White, of the People's Liberal Church of Chicago. Mr. White spent his vacation heroically campaigning for the future. He carried his camera into Africa with his Sunday evening audiences in mind, and there contracted a cold which became persistent; and for the present, under the imperative command of his physician, he has abandoned the active work of the pulpit. The early menace of a pulmonary breakdown has been heeded in time. Mr. White has youth, vigor, courage and wisdom on his side and there is every reason to hope that he will flank the enemy and will soon be himself again. Meanwhile he must resign his position on the school board, where he has rendered yeoman service for so many years, and relinquish the active work of the pulpit. His people have generously given him an unlimited leave of absence, and Dr. White is going to stay right here and fight it out; in the struggle he will have all the co-operation that progressive science, hearty comradeship, sustaining faith and a commanding purpose can give. We hope to be able to report a speedy recovery.

The UNITY Room in the Lincoln Centre has just been furnished with its bookcase, in which a full bound set of UNITY, from its first inception as a pamphlet mission to the present time, is installed. The beautiful case is crowned with a dado of pictures of the great redwood trees from Muir Woods. The vacant places on the shelves and on the wall invite the co-operation of the UNITY readers who love its traditions and rejoice in its long line of work. We would like to place in the UNITY bookcase, in the "UNITY ROOM" of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, copies of all books, pamphlets or other publications from the pens of the UNITY workers and contributors from the old days to this. A collection that would include the writings of Sunderland, Herford, Herbert, Kerr, Dudley, Cooke, Blake, Learned, Chadwick, Maxson, Gould, Simmons, Crooker, Cannett, Hosmer and the rest of them would make a notable shelf; and the walls of a room that will carry the faces of these writers would usher one into the company of the noble and some of the sainted. This collection of books and faces can be realized only by the co-operation of those who are friends of the men and the paper. Cabinet size photographs could be framed in suitable groups. The UNITY ROOM bears upon its mantel the title and motto of UNITY. It now contains the working desks of UNITY, the Congress of Religion and their servants. Will the friends help us make this room as beautiful as it is useful?

We have not considered the effort to make political capital of the fact that Mr. Taft finds his most congenial fellowship with the Unitarians, as worthy of notice. The fanatics who at this day will allow this fact to influence their votes are so few, we believe, that they do not deserve notice and should not receive the encouragement which such notice would give. But the fact that the *Homiletic Review* has deemed it wise to throw open its columns for the discussion of this protest is worthy of note. Eleven writers, presumably all ministers, have accepted the invitation and, with the exception of one Presbyterian brother from Tennessee, a brother from New York City and a Methodist brother in Texas, they all indignantly resent the projection of a theological test into the political issues of the day, which already is sufficiently complicated. These letters make good reading and we wish we might make room for all of them. The Secretary of the Industrial Committee of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, says, "My sixteen-year-old son says he wonders how it feels to think as your correspondent does." A writer from Wisconsin says, "I prefer a Unitarian temperance man to an orthodox boozer." A Baptist preacher from Texas and a democrat, says:

"Religious prejudice is the blindest passion that ever dwelt in mind of man. It has shed more innocent blood, wrecked more homes, destroyed more peace, made more heartaches, and brought more clouds of sorrow to earth than any other one evil save, perhaps, strong drink."

A Methodist minister from Indiana says:

"Character should count for more than creed. There are no religious tests in this country as a qualification for holding office. The real test is whether the candidate is likely to do the right—make good—when placed in a position of power."

A brother from Alabama characterizes the original letter as "sanctimonious" and thinks it a tribute to the generosity of the Editor that it should have been printed at all. He adds:

"Fortunately the Christian public has shown time and again that the accident of mere sect is not a determining factor in selecting its Presidents. Garfield was a 'Campbellite,' a sect despised; and several Unitarians have occupied the coveted chair. I am neither a Unitarian nor a Republican, but hate to see the effort being made by sectarians to inject the spirit of bigotry into this campaign."

A minister from South Dakota says:

"While I am not a Unitarian or a Republican, but a Congregationalist and a Democrat, yet I cannot keep silent in the presence of such narrow and unrepresenting attitude and work as this man gives to the public as though he spoke for the faithful followers of Christ. We have no place in the American Republic for this bigotry."

A pastor of the Reform Church in Pennsylvania says:

"The American people realize that reverence for parents and for the institutions they love is almost sure to make a man associate in his youth with their church. * * * They realize the righteousness of the Master's criterium, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' 'For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' They ought, and I think they will, put Mr. Taft's record and his words together and judge him thereby, with little regard for his church affiliations."

A Methodist brother from Texas reminds the readers that at least three Presidents, one member of the President's Cabinet, and the Chaplain of the Senate are of Mr. Taft's creed. A Quebec minister thinks the original letter "the expression of a narrow mind that theologically is living in the sixteenth century and not in the twentieth."

The Friends of Law and Order on Parade

Luther did not propose that the Devil should have all the good tunes. Tardily the friends of sobriety, the defenders of decency, are learning how not only to show but to find their own strength. The streets of Chicago have often been rendered gay with bunting, musical and rhythmic with bands and drums, and impressive with the orderly parade of great masses of humanity in the interest of partisan politics, of fraternal orders, class organizations, labor unions, etc., etc. A few months ago the brewing and distilling interests, the saloons and their friends, under the guise of a "personal liberty" movement, undertook to make an impressive demonstration, which failed to impress to any great extent, simply because the law-disturbing and inebriating forces dwindle when they undertake to respect the bounds of decency and sobriety. There are law-abiding and home-respecting individuals entangled in the bad traffic but there are not enough of them to make a procession. We believe there are many saloon-keepers and their allies who are more decent than their business, but there are not enough of them to make a showing that is impressive. They are lost in the larger crowd of beer-soaked and whiskey-stained "bums" who represent the majority in the fell fraternity.

But last Saturday the streets of Chicago witnessed a "Parade" more unique, impressive, and we believe prophetic, than anything that has ever before marched through its streets to the tap of the drum and under the flag.

It was a temperance parade, a rally of the true friends of Law and Order. It was too largely an impromptu affair, for many of the friends of the "Dry" movement either distrusted the wisdom or doubted the ability of such friends to make an effective exhibit.

It is fair to say that this parade, like the general movement it is a part of, probably had its origin among laymen and laywomen. Still, it was essentially a church demonstration and the ministers of the city practically constituted its executive committee. Like all preacher movements in civic affairs, it was characterized by a certain awkwardness, and a lack of nimble efficiency and co-operative heartiness. During the thirty or more years that the present writer has known intimately the city of Chicago he recalls no other occasion where so many ministers were together "in line" as on last Saturday. A conservative estimate puts the number of marching preachers at two hundred, and they marched four abreast, well at the head of the column. The bystanders must have noticed that in their unclerical "cut-a-way," "work-a-day" suits, they gave the impression of being a husky, hearty, wholesome lot of fellows. They were a body of able-bodied, sane looking chaps. The conventional conception of the preaching fraternity as a pale, lean, Cassius-like lot, with the scholarly stoop, the saintly hue, i. e., the sallow complexion, and a melancholy air becoming those who are weary of this world of sin and somewhat impatient to join the heavenly host, was not borne out by this procession. Anyone looking at these two hundred or more ministers must have realized that they were men who in the main kept their feet on the ground, who were citizens of Chicago, alert to its dangers, appreciative of its privileges and on duty when its honor is at stake.

It must be admitted also that they did not march very well; they were frequently out of step and, to an "old soldier," distressingly neglectful of the position of their file leader and their proper relation thereto, but this was for want of practice. When that body of preachers learn to "catch step," to march together, to lose their self-consciousness in the consciousness of the line, when they learn to do team work in this cause, then Chicago will awake to the fact that through all its turbulent and triumphant years it has owed more than it has acknowledged to the preacher workers of the city, and it will also

awake to the fact that in them it has a great though unlisted asset, mighty resources and splendid potencies.

Every thing conspired to make this demonstration of the friends of Law and Order in Chicago a happy one last Saturday. The rain had come and broken the drought and laid the dust in Chicago; the weather was cool, clear and beautiful; the line of march was long enough to be impressive, not long enough to be fatiguing. Many women and children, as well as old veterans, made the march with elastic and joyful step, reaching from Sixteenth street north on Michigan avenue to Washington street, west to State, south to Jackson boulevard, west to Fifth avenue, where the column dispersed. The line of march covered perhaps two miles and a half but it took the column some two hours and a half to march by a given point. The papers variously estimate the number in the procession from eight to eighteen thousand. Over two hundred floats, display wagons, etc., were reported. The wheel elements were sufficiently varied to be both picturesque and democratic, ranging from the humblest delivery wagon of the fruit peddler, duly draped and decorated, to the latest and highest thing in the automobile line, of which there were plenty. Scores of churches were represented in an organic way with their banners, mottoes and emblems. Many more churches were represented in an organic way with the procession and in the sympathetic multitude that lined the streets.

The most striking variation from the ordinary city procession was found in the overwhelming majority of women and children in the procession. Long lines of ladies in white kept the joyful step, and they were "representative ladies," not the hypothetical, cranky spinsters of doubtful age and the aged agitators, but buoyant young ladies of the high school and college type made the streets radiant and the air jubilant with their sweet and cheerful voices. There were wagon loads of little children of all ages, and more than one baby carriage was trundled along by the proud fathers while the little passengers waved their little flags in unconscious prophecy of what was to come.

But there was nothing effeminate in the procession. There were plenty of stalwart men to give it character. One newspaper estimates that one-fourth of the marchers were men. These at least recognized in the women and children the reserve corps that is in due time to reach the firing line and help win the battle for sobriety.

The procession was full of light and humor, proving that beer and its more fiery associates are not necessary to conviviality. The world can have a lot of fun, life can be joyous and cities gay without the nasty stuff and its brutal inspirations.

Sprinkling carts made good "water wagons," inviting passengers. The litle boy who marched alone bearing the banner

"I WISH MOTHER COULD VOTE!"

did not go unnoticed. The other little dirty-faced urchin who paddled along bearing the banner

"THE SALOONS ARE WAITING FOR ME!"

preached his little sermon most effectively.

The amateurish character of the parade was noticeable but not distressing. The next parade will be more efficient, for this is the first of many such demonstrations, not in Chicago alone, but everywhere. Sobriety must come into its communal consciousness; the temperate man must lose himself once in a while in the greater entity—the temperate community.

There ought to have been a reviewing stand upon which sat the Mayor and his staff, the officials and dignitaries which the community delight to honor. The procession was weakened when the civic character became evangelistic and ecclesiastic. We do not like flippancy, not to say profanity, on temperance banners any more than in saloons. There are infernos deep enough and sad enough for civic uses in this world, and we deplore the over eagerness to dump even saloon-keepers into the theological realms of endless woe.

At other times and places that procession may well disintegrate and the fragments thereof stand for their peculiar tenets and special propaganda, but that day they stood together, rich and poor, orthodox and heterodox, Christian and Jew, converted and unconverted, for a great civic ideal, for a triumphing reform. There is no small significance in the fact that the exigencies of the procession unwittingly put the leader of the Moody Church on the right and the head resident of the Lincoln Centre on the left of the same file, and a colored minister perchance marched elbow to elbow or in the next file rear of the man with strong race prejudices and southern traditions.

All in all, the temperance parade in Chicago last Saturday was a most significant one. It was indeed for Law and Order. The venerable, saintly faced quartette of gentle ladies who occupied the carriage labeled *"Original Crusaders"* suggested a mighty evolution, a splendid spiritual growth all along the line. From the early crusaders of Ohio to the present parade there have been crudities, narrow methods, impossible schemes and, to our mind, inadequate theologies and unpardonable sectarian prejudices, unjustifiable antagonisms and deplorable bitternesses. But spite of these the "CAUSE" has grown, making saintly lives and happy homes and noble communities. And that "CAUSE" is the cause of sobriety and temperance, which increasingly is to be identified with the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages and attendant narcotics.

While Chicago was having this object lesson in civic progress, the Governor of Indiana was affixing his signature to a most progressive state law in the interest of the *"Dry,"* thereby maintaining the reputation of Indiana for leadership. Let other cities take the Chicago hint and join in the celebration.

THE PULPIT

An Appreciation of Leo N. Tolstoy

READ BEFORE THE MEN'S CLUB OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., AT A LAWN CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAYS OF DR. H. M. SIMMONS, LEO N. TOLSTOY AND HENRY GEORGE, AT THE RESIDENCE OF S. A. STOCKWELL IN A MINNEAPOLIS SUBURB, SEPTEMBER 6, 1908, BY J. W. BENNETT, A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

This world frequently has known great soldiers, statesmen, scientists, authors, artists. Now and then it knows a great *man*. Such a man is Leo N. Tolstoy. Tolstoy sprang from a vigorous race, young, lusty, strong. Uncouth, primitive, the masses of this race are still unspoiled by the formalism and insincerity which we are accustomed to call civilization. What would be the future of the world without the children coming into the world day by day with fresh young blood, open minds and an abiding faith in the years to come? How important it is to us that the children always make up the majority, so that the tide of fresh young blood always overruns and vivifies the world-weary blood of age. Fortunate it is that the most numerous eyes are eager child-eyes, unobscured by the clouds of custom or the darkened glass of prejudice, for such eyes alone can see things as they really are. They inform the child brain, open to new impressions; they enlighten the child soul, joyously reaching out for all that is good in life, the soul in which there is no bitterness, no gall.

How the strong shoulders of youth crowd from the obstructed way the old, decrepit, dim-eyed, world-soured, prejudice-blinded cumberers of the earth, as spurred by his joyous strength, sustained by his abiding faith, guided by his enduring hope, he surges onward toward the goal. See how his grim but precious ally, the reaper Death, strikes in advance that the buoyant youth need have no pity in clearing the cumbered path of worn-out men and things to make room for the work of the young, the strong, the hopeful. Speaking of the aged, I do not mean necessarily those old in years, although years on this gray old earth usually bring age and decay. I rather speak of those with back toward the awakening dawn and face toward the setting sun, standing in the path of progress and trying to persuade their fellows that all must be content to bide in twilight waiting for the coming night; arguing that darkness, not dawn, is just beyond. Most pathetic of all are the prematurely old, the young without strength and hope of faith in the time to come.

I dwell upon the promise of youth, for perennial youth is the most striking quality of the intellect whose activities we are about to trace. Russia to me is a promising child among nations, albeit it may be looked upon as *l'enfant terrible*. Barbarous, uncouth, cruel, wrapped in the deep night of superstition, its people are still mighty in their primordial strength. The faults of its great masses are the faults of the child or the barbarian. The years of their life are still before them. Still they are looking, clear-eyed toward the dawn, lusty with youth, hope and faith, waiting for the truth that is to be.

Tolstoy is typical of the Russian people. His life to me is a prophecy of what the Russian people may be to the future world. It is to me an epitome in eighty years of individual life of what the Russian race may mean to the world in the next millennium. Tolstoy is thoroughly Russian. In him the red life-tide of Teuton and Slav meet and commingle. To the upper waters of the Dnieper his ancestor Indris in the fourteenth century brought the Germanic strain in a mighty migration of three thousand followers. On the other side, through the princes Volkonsy and their ancestor Rurik, the Scandinavian adventurer who was Russia's first ruler, came a still more restless life-current from farther north. They tempered the later crossing streams of Slav and Tartar, and possibly Mongol blood. Even Tolstoy's surroundings made for heroic life. From the north came rugged boreal strength in the buffeting of polar winds and the rigors of ice and snow. The broad steppes and mighty forests gave the freedom of plains and the solemn, thought-inspiring grandeur of Druid groves. Tolstoy became a true child of the great barbaric northland, hiding the volcanoes of passion under an exterior of ice and snow. We see that his lineage was old and exclusive. Two hundred and fifty years before the Romanoffs, Tolstoy's forbears had made Russia their home. Ever did the ancestral home remain in the heart of Russia, close to the mighty Dnieper and to the mightier Volga. Theirs was the granite foundation in which the flowing, war-fused lava of Russia's population built up the Russian race, for this great barbaric empire has been fashioned of masses as heterogeneous as the masses now being digested by the American nation. From the time of their coming to Russia the Tolstoys retained their places as leaders or oppressors of men—depending upon point of view. Court-favorites, court-victims, soldiers, writers, officers, artists were among the tribe. We see then that while sound at heart in race and ancestry, Tolstoy started out in life weighted down by the handicap of exclusiveness, bound by the formalism of caste and privilege. His early education accentuated this exclusiveness. It was obtained at home through a tutor. In the University of Kazan, Tolstoy, measured by usual standards, made a failure. His erratic individuality, indolence, lack of method, lack of interest, were to blame. From Kazan he carried away with him the seeds of revolt against the unbending formalism of that university life. This tall, awkward, bashful youth quit the university a nihilist—believing in nothing. There was then no meekness in this arrogant, intolerant, pugnacious, supercilious, almost superficial young man. Tolstoy felt that caste propriety was the important thing. The man or woman *comme il faut* was the man or woman to be admired. But this spoiled cub of nobility had still within him the barbaric strength of his race. He was essentially honest and sincere. Even then hidden deep by the dress of his caste was the golden ideal of individual perfection and altruistic service. This awkward boy, lanky, dark-eyed, shy in the presence of women, had already tasted deep of the dissipation to which his caste was schooled almost from the cradle. Gambling, intemperance, debauchery—he had gone the rounds. It was a sophisticated lad who went back to his ancestral estates of Yasuaga Polyana at twenty, and a still more sophisticated young man who at twenty-three followed his soldier brother to the Caucasus.

Tolstoy had formed a deep attachment for a Cossack soldier. His first strong passion was for a Cossack maiden. But he had himself reasonably well in hand and he went on to the Crimea as a petty officer of artillery, richer in experience, but not greatly spoiled. While in the Caucasus this literary genius first tried his wings and found them wonderfully strong. Tolstoy had a divine touch of the literary artist. He

was a born story-teller. His "Childhood," an autobiographical narrative, gave full promise of what was to come. "Boyhood," "Youth," "Excursions," "The Cossacks," followed quickly. Everything Tolstoy touches with his pen kindles into life. The children of his brain move before us real men and women of flesh and blood. His scenes live as live the earth, the waves, the skies. Tolstoy took part in the defense of Sevastopol, and those terrible months of war sank into his soul. He garnished them and set them forth with a terrible living, cruel realism in his three sketches. None who read will ever forget the horrors—essential horrors—and the hollow sham of heroism in war. The pages reek with the carnage of battle, re-echo with the emptiness of military glory.

After Sevastopol, St. Petersburg, association with other literary lions, like Turgenieff, who, by the way, Tolstoy challenged to a duel over a petty dispute. Deep plunges into dissipation and debauchery. Tolstoy went abroad and came back with a vivid impression of the miseries, the poverty and the sham of European civilization. He turned to the ideal of family happiness and worked out a novel known by that title. Tolstoy had already published his arraignment of civilization in the memoirs of a prince. "The Decemberists" had been begun and abandoned. Tolstoy was attracted by education of the peasantry and went to Germany to study method. Then came the liberation of the serfs and he returned to his estates and took up with ardor his educational tasks.

Tolstoy approached nothing lightly, even in his younger days. He was dreadfully in earnest in this matter of education. "What shall I teach? How shall I teach it?" were the questions which puzzled and vexed him. Eagerly he sought an answer. There was no answer in the systems then in vogue in Russia. The German answer was far from satisfying. Tolstoy delved and discussed, plunging on his own account into the psychology of education. He started an educational magazine, "Yasnaya Polyana," named after his estate. Soon he had the educators of Russia by the ears. Finally Tolstoy decided that he did not know what to teach or how to teach it. Yet he stood for that freedom in education now advocated by the best educators. His work had a powerful influence.

In the adjustment following liberation of the serfs, Tolstoy, as magistrate, became a sort of arbitrator in arranging questions of land distribution. His partiality for the peasants who worked the land and who he thought should have the land, made him unpopular with the landed gentry. His love of justice and fair play did not add to his popularity.

Broken in health and vexed in spirit over his failure to find bottom in educational matters and the unpopular burdens which he was obliged to bear as magistrate, he retired to the steppes to mend his health and get an opportunity for calmer thought. Just then he had a racking cough and was threatened with the terrible white death, the relentless enemy of his people.

Contemporaneously with the publication of Tolstoy's educational magazine, appeared revolutionary pamphlets. Tolstoy was accused of printing them. In his absence his home was invaded, his estate wasted, his mansion ransacked, and his aunt and sister, both of whom he dearly loved, were subjected to cruel indignities by the soldiery. Nothing was found, for there was nothing to find. Tolstoy never was a secret plotter. In righteous wrath he returned and, it is said, wrung from Alexander II., then Czar, a secret but official apology. This outrage steeled Tolstoy still more in his hatred of arbitrary power.

He turned to his ideal of domestic happiness. Sophia A. Behrs, daughter of a Moscow physician, became his wife in 1862, when Tolstoy was thirty-four years of age. For the next fifteen years Tolstoy's life is the life of the model family man. He had numerous children. Greater and greater became his interest in his peasantry. The schools were reopened. In this period came two of his great novels, Anna Karenina and War and Peace, both garnished autobiograhy. Tolstoy moves in all his books. In the former he relates almost in detail many of the episodes of his courtship and his early family life. In War and Peace, which has been justly called the great prose epic of the Russian people, he sets forth the life of Russia in all its phases, for Tolstoy knows peasant, prince and potentate. Sevastopol lives again in the campaigns of Napoleon. Tolstoy smashes heroes, as an angry child might a worn-out puppet. They are to him but phenomena or symptoms of national or community life at the time in which they live. They are mere creatures of movements over which they have no control and little influence. Privates, not generals, fight battles and win victories. Heroes have to Tolstoy not only feet of clay but hands and heads as well. The worship of human heroes is as absurd to him as the worship of Israel's golden calf. Then comes the great crisis. "What is life? What does it mean? This question which since the world began had baffled philosophers and sages again confronted Tolstoy with compelling force. Bravely he started out to find an answer, that answer which had been denied the wisest men. The more closely he approached this mighty question the more thoroughly it baffled him. Weighed down with the conviction that life meant nothing, Tolstoy at fifty years of age was ready for self-destruction. But hidden down deep in his sound and healthy heart, still unspoiled, was a feeling that somehow, sometime he must find the solution. He put away his gun, for his better self told him that he must not die—not yet. Even a harmless rope was distrusted and cast out.

In this period of stress, Tolstoy, Faust-like, searched the philosophers from Socrates to Kant. None solved for him the inexplicable riddle of life. Neither did the myriad church religions give a clue. But he had set out to find it. With fierce untiring determination, with relentless vigor, with absolute sincerity he pursued the task, for Tolstoy had the art of concentration to a degree, and threw his whole soul into every undertaking. He had traveled in vain the vicious circle. Now from the beginning he started out anew. For thirty-five years of his life he, as he himself remarks, he was a nihilist. "Not a revolutionary socialist," he explains, "but a man who believed in nothing."

Then he submitted to the hollow formalism of church religion. "No doubt," argued he, "the church sees in Christianity apart from its inner meaning of love, humility and self denial, an outer dogmatic meaning which, however strange and repulsive to me, is not in itself evil or pernicious." Therefore, for a period he practiced indifferently the meaningless forms of the Russian church. But Tolstoy never closed his eyes to disagreeable truths. Soon one highly disagreeable obtruded itself upon him. The church was indifferent to the essential teachings of Jesus Christ. It insisted upon non-essentials. It was not neutral but harmful. The church hindered

rather than enlightened the earnest seeker after truth. Its forms obscured the answer to the riddle of life. He turned his back relentlessly upon the Russian church

During all his years of passion, skepticism, nihilism, Tolstoy never practiced self-deception. He was absolutely honest with himself. Always he sought the kernel of truth wrapped up in the husk of form. Clearly he looked every fact in the face, however awkward or disturbing to preconceived opinion. He never lost his absolute sincerity. What he believed, he believed with all his soul and practiced with all his strength. Tolstoy was no chaser of rainbows. Neither religion nor philosophy meant anything to him if it could not be applied to life—his life. Its workableness was a measure of its worth. During all the viscissitudes of life he clung to the principle of his youth, a "conviction that it was man's destiny to strive after moral perfection and that this perfection was possible and eternal."

He had tried out and discarded philosophy and church religion. The gospels remained. In the gospels he would search for an answer to life's riddle. He turned to his beloved "Sermon on the Mount." A flood of new light broke in upon him, like sunshine following dungeon shadows. At length he had solved life's enigma. Life meant a union with the all-beholding, the all-sustaining spirit of the universe, a constant seeking after the truth and living the truth and proclaiming the truth when it was found. This could best be accomplished by becoming again as a little child, putting aside selfishness, living for others. This was life.

"The whole meaning of life," says Tolstoy, "is to serve humanity by contributing to the establishment of the kingdom of God, which can only be done by the recognition and profession of the truth by every man." Immediately Tolstoy found the truth, he began to live the truth and to give testimony to the faith within him. In volume after volume, "What I believe," "My Confession," "My Religion," "The Kingdom of God is Within You," he told the world of his discovery, calling attention to the new-found truth. The secret of happiness was joyously to serve others, to live for others, to love others. Gospel translations and gospel commentaries by Tolstoy followed. Following his philosophical works and his works upon religion came the stories, "Ivan Ilyitch," "Kreutzer Sonata," "The Resurrection," "The Corpse."

In this time of literary and religious activity, Tolstoy found leisure to give attention to the starving peasants in the famines of 1873 and 1891-2. Ever more forcibly was he struck by the conviction that privilege fed fat while labor remained hungry; that those who labored most got least and those who labored least got most of the results of toil. At the same time he found those who got everything without labor were always unhappy, while those who labored and received little were happy in their lives. He concluded that labor was a great blessing. There could be no healthy, wholesome life without it. Tolstoy went into the fields and shops with his peasants. He shared personally their burdens, their sorrows and their joys. Then Tolstoy was happy.

After his new birth, Tolstoy, a life-long lover of art, looked with contempt on the art made to please—concocted for revenue to pander to perverted taste. "What is art?" was the question which immediately confronted him. Every treatise upon art was digested. Then Tolstoy went straight for the kernel. Art to him is a means of communicating the higher, holier feelings of men to other men. It is infection of others, by the nobler feelings which we experience. An inseparable condition of art is the experiencing of the feeling which must come spontaneously. Real art can therefore not be ground out for gain. All other art is brain-spun, and counterfeit or vicious. All men can understand and appreciate real art. That is the crucial test. Probably no more incisive and convincing work appears in the literature of the subject. Tolstoy gets to the kernel. It is far easier to disagree with him than to convince yourself that he is wrong. In pointing out the real art and separating from it the spurious, Tolstoy did not even spare himself. Nothing was worth while to him that did not set forth the great truth that the life of man is essentially service, bringing him into harmony with the God which is the spirit of all things.

In a sketch, however long, available for an occasion of this sort, it is impossible to give even an outline of the activities which make up the life story of this greatest intellect of all the last half century, one of the greatest intellects thus far known to the earth, undoubtedly the greatest of all living men. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt an epitome of thoughts spread by this intellectual giant through many volumes. Philosophy, history, government, science, religion, have been sounded by this master mind to their very depths. From the subjects which he has studied he has stripped away every mask and revealed the naked, eternal truth.

If we cannot give a comprehensive view of his intellectual achievement, we can at least look for a few minutes upon the simple message. It is a message which nobody who approaches with candor can fail to comprehend. Tolstoy's message tells us the manner of seeking truth. "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Our eyes must open eager and expectant as do the child's eyes. We must divest ourselves of prejudice. Sincerity must be our guiding star. We must set our very souls with childish enthusiasm to the task before us. Cut through the husk of formalism. Get close to the heart of truth. When Tolstoy wanted to find the explanation of religion for the riddle of life, he sought not the dogma of the church nor the subtleties of theologians nor the commentaries of scholars. He went to the gospels themselves. He delved into his own conscience. To Tolstoy "critics are the stupid who discuss the wise." Religion answered the riddle for him as it must answer when questioned in that way. But Tolstoy did not attempt to expound this religion. "It is not my purpose," said he, "to expound the doctrine of Jesus. I wish only to tell how I came to understand what there is in the doctrine and how this understanding refreshed my soul and gave me happiness and peace."

All can profit by Tolstoy's method. A crying need of every searcher after truth, is to clear away the rubbish that the ages have piled upon it, hiding it and stifling it. Let us go to first sources. If we want to learn nature, study nature, not the commentators upon her. If we want to understand Shakespeare, let us read Shakespeare, not the mass of rubbish that other men have piled about him in misinterpreting him. If we would know the gospel, let us study the gospel. Truth is ready to reveal her secrets to all who approach her in honesty, sincerity and humility. Let us look through our own eyes, not the eyes of those possibly more blind than we. In that

way we may at least strengthen them so that some day we may see. Burn the cumbering rubbish piled mountain high by generations of useless critics. Go to the fountain head of knowledge. "Unhappy the grandson," said Goethe. "He must bear the errors of all previous generations."

Tolstoy was sincere. Sincerity is an essential and most important part of his message to other men. When he found the truth he lived it and living it proclaimed it. He admonishes others also to proclaim the truth within them and live that truth. Cast aside hypocrisy. "False religion and false science support it." It ras reached such proportions that we can scarcely realize that man can reach such a pitch of self-deception. "Only let each man according to his powers realize in his life the truth which he knows, or at least cease to support the falsehoods he is supporting in the place of truth, and at once, in the year 1893 we should see such reforms as we do not dare to hope for within a century—the emancipation of men and the reign of truth upon earth." So wrote Tolstoy in 1893.

"Not without good reason was Christ's only harsh and threatening reproof directed against hypocrites and hypocrisy. It is not theft, nor robbery, nor murder, nor fornication," says Tolstoy, "but falsehood, the special falsehood of hypocrisy, which corrupts men, brutalizes them and makes them vindictive, destroys all distinctions between right and wrong in their conscience, deprives them of all the meaning of life and debars them from progress toward perfection."

But Tolstoy, you may say, is a fatalist. To be consistent he must admit that they live the truth who must; they deny it who can. Yes, Tolstoy is a fatalist, but a fatalist who still finds room for the use of will—for living the truth we see. "A horse harnessed with others to a cart," says Tolstoy in illustration, "is not free to refrain from moving the cart. If he does not move forward, the cart will knock him down and go on, dragging him with it whether he will or no. But the horse is free to drag the cart himself or to be dragged with it. And so it is with man." Here we have sufficient freedom, a play for will as broad as man at this time can appreciate or use.

Truth is the only bond which can unite men in righteousness. "But how can men be united in truth?" Tolstoy asks, "or even approximate to it, if they do not even express the truth they know, but hold that there is no need to do so, and pretend to regard as truth what they believe to be false." That means you, good reformer. If you see unjust taxation, protest against it. If private property in land offends you, point out its injustice. War is to you a horrible thing. Denounce it. Make others see it as you do. Reformers, lovers of truth, raise your voices. "Let your light not be hidden under a bushel but set upon a high hill that it may shine for all." What you say or do will not transform the world at once, but the atom of truth to which you give renewed impetus like rain-drops forming a torrent, will join with the myriad other atoms of truth until its mighty current becomes irresistible and the world is transformed. Let us get in harmony with the great all-sustaining spirit of truth and love, which is the God of the universe and we necessarily have a part, a real part, an eternal part in the transformed earth which is to be.

Resist not evil. This is the phase of Tolstoy's message probably most commented upon. Tolstoy in this repeats but the "Sermon on the Mount," and to deny Tolstoy in this is to deny Jesus Christ.

An impossible ideal in this world, many say. And yet this message has gone on tempering and bettering life for the past eighteen hundred years. Nobody with eyes and understanding can deny that Christ proclaimed it and in the sense in which Tolstoy received it. Quakers heard and understood, even though they were not ready to live fully the truth as they saw it. William Lloyd Garrison announced it before Tolstoy had even guessed it. Adin Ballou's life was devoted to preaching it with as much ardor as Peter the Hermit preached the crusades. Then why have not men accepted it? Because the great majority have not yet reached that stage of development. Not that it is false but it is an ideal realized only as all men become Tolstoys, Garrisons or Ballous. Still it is practical even for us, as practical as the north star to the mariner. Although we cannot reach it, still it points the way.

But our Civil War made four millions free. Would we still listen to the clanking chains of slavery and turn the other cheek? Even benighted Russia did not find it necessary to wash away serfdom in an ocean of blood. Possibly if we had been inclined to turn the other cheek our lesson of love might have reached the oppressor. Has then the blood of two millions of men and the horrors of four years of war, with its corrupting influence for generations, made these slaves really free? Do not their chains still clank, muffled as they are to our dull, unhearing ears? Does not the memory of that bloody orgy, with its glory, (!) prevent us to some extent from doing the things which might make these men really free? We are too busy singing the praises of that carnival of murder and its heroes (!) to attend to a little thing like slavery in a different form. Murder made this moral transformation which freed the black slaves. Lincoln, we teach our children, was a war hero, great because he held to the very end the reeking plow in the bloody furrow. But some of us have ears for the address at Gettysburg. Those of us who have seem to hear it to no purpose. Yet if heeded the Gettysburg speech and similar teaching by Lincoln would do more for America than all the battlefield murders in the nation's history.

Did anybody ever get your good will by beating or wounding or torturing you? Can you conceive of the good will of any human being secured through torture, beating, starvation, imprisonment, murder—the various forms of force? Yet these have been applied as reforming agencies since the dim age of stone. The lesson of all history, of all philosophy, of all psychology is and has been that force begets force, murder begets murder, evil begets evil. On the other hand, kindness begets kindness and love begets love. Then Tolstoy's ideal seems to be the only true ideal, the only ideal in full harmony with reason and conscience. Let us who profess Christianity not deceive ourselves by excuses as to the impracticability of non-resistance. If we look honestly at ourselves we shall see that neither reason nor conscience tells us so, but the fierce brutishness which we still preserve in common with our brother, the ape, or our cousin, the tiger.

Force is necessary only on the theory that the ape and the tiger still predominate among mankind, and the hand of every man is against his brother. In such a state of society there might be an excuse for organized force in order to get rid of personal private warfare. Happily this day has passed. The great majority of men are now ruled rather by kindness, help-

fulness and love. We have outgrown the reason for organized force, but still we cling to the forms. They weight us down, millstones on the neck of progress. Great navies, great armies, grim prisons, the ghosts of primordial violence, we still permit to stand as monuments, denying the dawning of this better day. Once the church was sustained by the strong arm of organized force. Then it flowered in the dungeon, the thumb-screw, the inquisition, the massacre. Bartholomew and Smithfield are examples of a force-sustained church. Now that the church has broken its sword we do not find it less powerful for the betterment of men. Its bond of love makes a union stronger than the temporal arm of force. Who today would restore to the church her prisons, her dungeons, her inquisitions, her armies? We of today profoundly doubt the efficacy of Christianity by torture. Shooting religion into the benighted heathen only occasionally appeals to us. We have our doubts as to murder as a promoter of piety. Why, then, are we so cocksure that the force system is the proper one on the governmental side of the social organization? Why is it so obvious to us that we can imprison, or shoot, or hang good citizenship into men, that we look upon Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance as an impracticable, iridescent dream? Are not religion and good citizenship, after all, shoots of the same stalk, the stalk of truth and love?

Tolstoy evidently thinks so. With him all truth is one. "Whether delved from the earth," drawn from the shining stars of heaven, or "caught up from the lips of him who spake as never man spake," it is all just truth. The separation of church and state was important in only this: that it deprived the church of the temporal arm of force which in religion men had recognized as so absurd as to be intolerable. Let us hope that recognizing the oneness of truth we may some day return to the ideal of the early Christians, when the angel of love shall evict from the state as well as the church the discord-promoting demon of force. Then we may again have religion supplying the conscience for a state founded on truth and love, a state from which the demon force has been exorcised.

There is more than myth in the story that the giant Antaeus, who contended with Hercules, drew his strength from mother earth, and when deprived of contact with her vivifying bosom he fell an easy victim to the relentless giant. Feeble indeed becomes the man whose feet lose contact with his kindred clay. Hercules, like the demon of modern pseudo civilization, has lifted the giant humanity and set his feet upon city pavements. The rest is easy. Man's strength vanishes. He becomes easy prey to the alluring might of the dazzling baubles surrounding him. The tale is world old. It has sounded in men's ears since the days of Babylon. We need not repeat it here. Right here the message of Tolstoy rings true. Men and women must return to the soil if they would retain moral and physical strength and health. They must have fresh air and free movement. Green trees, rugged hills, singing birds, murmuring, sparkling waters must be theirs. They must cling closely to the bosom of their mother earth and renew their strength and attune their lives to her mighty heart throb. The simple life is the only life that can bring peace, strength and happiness. Every great city is a malignant tumor clinging to the state, loading it down and sapping its strength. Urban decentralization is a problem which must be solved if the good in the state is to endure. Yet in our blindness we sneer at the peasant life of Tolstoy and honor as great men the railroad kings who are devoting their lives through the exploiting of privilege to building up overgrown cities at the expense of the countryside. While men remain land animals the ideal of national strength is the tilled field contiguous to the healthy, moderate-sized, modest town.

As important to Tolstoy as the return to mother earth is labor with the hands for everybody. This is a message of mighty import. Tolstoy found that the idle who got everything without doing anything useful were the unhappy of earth, and the toilers who were despoiled were the only human beings with even a moderate amount of happiness. Tolstoy himself found happiness and peace in this very labor. What wonder, then, to him that the injunction as old as Genesis, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was a statement of a profound philosophical principle rather than a curse upon Adam. Failure to heed that injunction has brought us our servant problems and our labor problems, with a thousand others more or less disturbing. They will continue to grow more acute while so many of us insist upon eating our bread in the sweat of other men's faces. I trust that they may persist until the day shall have gone that any one human being in any station whatever can claim the personal service of any other in a thing in which the individual can help himself. I would not be understood to oppose the division of labor. There are many things that others can do better for us than we can do ourselves, and no harm is done if both services are on an exact equality. But I look forward to the day when soft, white, useless hands shall be recognized as a badge of dishonor as fully as we now recognize the flabby, useless, untutored mind.

True, we are likely to flatter ourselves that our calling is higher. We are cut out for greater things, more tremendous service. But if we sit opposite our looking-glass, clear-eyed, as Tolstoy has sat, and look at the real self there revealed, we shall probably conclude that selfishness, ambition, unscrupulousness or trickery on our part has had more to do with putting the disagreeable tasks upon other shoulders than had our thirst for service. Tolstoy has proved anew, as Jesus proved before, that he who would honestly seek to serve his kind can do it best by sharing their tasks with them rather than working for "higher things" as he rides upon the already overburdened backs of his fellow men, telling them how they may lighten their load. If there were fewer aid societies and less clubdom among the leaders of thought, and far more corn hoeing and potato digging, the world would know a saner health and a more vigorous impulse toward progress.

I want to insist that Tolstoy is not a "rainbow-chaser" but eminently practical. He has given expression to an ideal, but an ideal which may be embraced now, today, by every man who is sufficiently advanced to feel it within him. But even if we cannot become Tolstoys, we can at least be honest with ourselves and proclaim and live the truth as we see it. If we are temperance people, let us live temperance and declare it. If we are single taxers, let us proclaim the single tax and labor for it. It is a step nearer to the perfect truth. Tolstoy does not despise it. He considers reforms of this kind of the utmost importance. He would have every man bear testimony to the truth as he sees it. To such the perfect ideal must come sooner or later.

Tolstoy believes in non-resistance to evil by evil, but that does not mean that we should permit evil to

go unrebuked. With as grand a courage as man ever exhibited Tolstoy hurled defiance back at the Russian church and the Russian government, overwhelming their feeble bans with the might of truth. I believe in the greatness of Tolstoy as the martyr of today who is the prophet of tomorrow. To me the men who "do things" (manipulate men) mean little. The labor of any man's hands is of little avail, indeed. But the man who gives impetus to an ideal promotes a force whose influence reaches eternity.

Tolstoy has a message for every man. Every man who will listen must hear and understand. For more than half a century nobody has spoken as he. Now at his eightieth milestone, with the turn in the road just beyond, apostle-like stands the heroic figure, dwarfing in his grandeur all other living men. This gaunt, gray old man, bearing the snows of eternal winter upon his age-thinned locks and showing in his rugged face the peace that passes all understanding, by his simple word causes to tremble every force-sustained throne. He has pronounced the word which, if heeded, would sweep them into the gulf of outworn iniquities even as the returning sun of springtime sweeps away the winter snows.

Hail, Tolstoy! Let us join with you in clear-eyed vision until we, too, behold "swords beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks." Let us dream with you of seas without mercenary warships, of forts in ruin and guns as silent as the tomb. Of a world in which no man or nation is the enemy of any man or nation, but all are brothers. Of men living in peace, each earning his bread by health-giving, life-sustaining labor, which knows no superior and no inferior, but all equal, all brothers, each sustaining and helping each along the highway of love and truth, all traveling toward unity with the all-sustaining spirit of the universe, sure of immortality in the perfection yet to come. And after we have dreamed let us awaken as you have awakened, to that dream come true, to find it the only reality.

Hail, Tolstoy! giant of a giant people. Let us hope that out of darkness, death and chaos your fatherland shall emerge as you have emerged to a light which shall never fail—a light whose rays shall be over all the earth. Hail, Tolstoy! heroic figure of the northland, the land of night and passion! You who in becoming humble have become most mighty, you have put a debt upon every man who hopes for the reign of righteousness on earth.

Hail, Tolstoy! We see you standing there overtopping the sons of men as some mighty peak of the Himalayas, the rosy dawn of a better day shining upon your face. To us still in the dark valleys this light upon your countenance is the light of hope, guiding us to that peace which is yours.

The New Age

This is a very old world. First there was the Azoic, or lifeless age; then came the Paleozoic age, the first forms of life appeared; then the Mezozoic, or middle forms; then the Cenezoic, or recent forms of life; last of all came Man. How long these successive ages were we do not know; probably millions of years in which the earth was being prepared and life carried up from the animal to the human. The difference between the two is radical in the essential and self-improvable powers of man to learn and to do.

Hence, we speak of the new ages in the progressive evolution of the thought and work of a human world; of the old and the new ages of despotism and liberty, of the toil of the hands and the power of machinery; of the ages of war and peace, of ignorance and learning. Through all these changes in the life of man, great nature abides in its changeless order, the nights and days, the seasons and years come and go; these changes are in the thinking, willing, doing of man.

Great nature, outside of man, is quiescent; the changes are in the larger uses that man is making of his world. In the long past, boats were rowed and ships spread their sails to the winds; travel had to be on foot, on horseback, or on wheels of carriage, or the highways of stages. My own memory goes back to the great excitement that came with the steam engine and the first railroads; I helped clear the track for the B. O. railroad that went through our farm in West Virginia. Since then have come the multiplied uses of steam in all the forms of industry and the amazing increase of the power of man to do. The age of invention may well be called new and now we are trying to fly through the air. All these things are the creations of thought; mind working with material forces; but they do not end with the power of machinery. The thinking of man, as never before, is becoming more philosophical, and we are asking as never before, and with larger understanding, the meaning of all this. What is the final cause or that for which it all is? And our age is coming to see and to say that all these wonderful forces and powers must find their real values in the higher becoming of man as a rational and spiritual being. The sense life has its place and value; but it is only for a few years and then the body returns to dust. Man's real life is in the world of mind, of spirit; the world of principles, of the rational and moral; of the Soul and God. And there was never a time when the public mind was so largely turned to the great questions and facts of religion; not to the debated forms of dogmatic theology in the different churches. These are losing ground; the old theology is dropping out of present beliefs, but the great realities of the Soul and God, and the life of God in the soul of man was never so real to the mind and heart of the millions. The churches have their place and value, and if they would cease this insistence upon the outgrown dogmas of the past and give place for the real truths of this new age, the great masses of the thinking people would probably go with them.

In the long past this has largely been a world of war; but the great years of world-peace are near. There is still a class of writers, not large, but noisy, who claim that great wars are near and the nations generally are making preparations on a large scale, are building larger and more powerful navies, creating larger armies. This has a bad look and may tend to promote the dangers one would escape. But over against this war talk is the far larger movement for universal peace.

In the last twenty years have come the great International Congress for Peace, the meetings of The Hague, and the related associations in the different countries. This great Congress has just held its last and greatest session in London; there were delegates from twenty-four different countries; in all over four hundred. Great Britain had the largest number, France came next and then the United States with fifty-one delegates. The Congress was welcomed by the king and queen of England. It protested very strongly against the competitive armament of the na-

tions at the ruinous annual cost of between four and five hundred million pounds sterling, or two billion dollars. The burden of taxation upon the people is oppressive; the great nations are all for peace and are looking for some form of treaties, or friendly agreements when contentions arise, to avoid the horrors of war. The faith and feeling were never so strong and deep that our world is coming into the great new age of the brotherhood of peace. There will never be another great war.

The many forms of the large labor unions belong to our new age; their social and economic values are large. The care for the rising generation was never general and thoughtful; nearly all the states have enacted special laws regulating the hours of labor and the years when education shall be compulsory. In Illinois there are 4,000 children between the ages of ten and fifteen who can neither read nor write. The numbers in the southern states are larger; 8,000 in Florida and all the way up to 60,000 in South Carolina. The struggles of the South to regain their great losses have been heroic; there is a far deeper interest in the new education than the days of old. A new and higher life is coming to our world; not alone in America and Europe is the inspiration, but in the older and darker lands beyond. It is the new age of larger thinking, of nobler feeling, willing and doing; the great years of peace, of brotherhood; of the life of God in man. A distinctly new movement is just now taking shape, "the International Health Guild." Of this I will write in another letter.

H. W. THOMAS.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps to High Living

SUN.—If every day is a repetition of life, every dawn gives signs as it were [of] a new contract with existence.

MON.—Be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen.

TUES.—The one thing needful is to throw off all one's load of cares, of preoccupation, of pedantry, and to become again young, simple, child-like, living happily and gratefully in the present hour.

WED.—Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere.

THURS.—We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season, is it not incalculable?

FRI.—Every life is a profession of life and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. Thus we have all the cure of souls.

SAT.—Every man is the center of perpetual radiation, like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

The Bob White Family

"Do little birds do just as their father and mothers do?" questioned Molly, as she leaned close to Aunt Elinor, and looked across the field to where Bob White and his family had established a summer home.

"Not always," replied Aunt Elinor, slipping her arm about the little girl. "Sometimes they learn by their own experience to have more confidence in men and women and children than their parents had."

"What is confidence?" questioned Molly, who always wanted the meaning of things.

"Well, it's just the feeling you have when you lean up against me," explained Aunt Elinor, with a little laugh. "You are sure I won't hurt you, and you feel safe, as though you were protected."

"Oh, yes," responded Molly. "And do some birds feel that way when they are near people?"

Aunt Elinor nodded. "In countries where children are taught to be gentle and friendly with birds they become very tame."

"Would those little Bob Whites ever have confidence in me?" asked Molly.

"Yes, indeed," said Aunt Elinor. And that very day Molly went across the field to where Mrs. Bob White was perched on the low fence, talking to her little family.

Molly did not go very near. She sat down on a big stone, where she could see them plainly; but Mrs. Bob White fluttered off the fence and joined her family, and they all scuttled away in the tall grass. Molly sat very quietly and scattered the little bag of wheat she had brought all about the rock. After a while, as the birds did not come back, she went home.

The next day she started down the field again, for Aunt Elinor had told her that she must be very patient with all small wild creatures, and that it would take many visits before the quails would know that she was a friend. As she came near the rock where she had sat the day before, there was a flutter of wings, and Mother Quail flew off to her perch on the fence, and Molly heard a low, plaintive, "Quoi-i-hee!" from the little birds; but they did not follow their mother very far. Molly sat down in the grass, and saw the little birds pick up the sweet grains of wheat; and Mother Quail, after a few scolding notes, came back to her family. But she hopped about nervously, or made little upward flights.

Molly was sure that the birds were beginning to know her. This time she left some pieces of cake near the rock; and every day for two weeks she came faithfully to visit the Bob Whites. By this time they began to look for her, and the wildest of wild birds had learned what their parents had not known—confidence in human beings. Aunt Elinor would sit on the porch and watch Molly go across the field, and see the little Bob Whites come almost within reach of her little niece's hand. Sometimes they would even follow Molly a little way toward the house in the most loving and fearless manner, although their doubtful mother called warningly after her family, as though she had not conquered all her fears, or as though she would teach them not to trust too readily.

"They have learned something their mother doesn't know, haven't they, Aunt Elinor?" Molly declared, happily, as she looked back toward the birds, and remembered what Aunt Elinor had told her of the meaning of the word "confidence."—*Alice Turner Curtis, in Youth's Companion.*

Rays of Sunshine

"The late Francis Thompson, the English poet," said a magazine editor, "had a great love of birds. He once told me a pretty story about a swallow. Catching, one day in the early autumn, a swallow that nested in his garden, he fastened to its wing a piece of oiled paper inscribed with the words:

" 'Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter!'

"The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription:

" 'Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North.' "—*The Advance.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

OPEN AIR PLAYS, FESTIVALS, ETC., IN SWITZERLAND.—In these days, when playground associations and congresses are beginning so effectively to demonstrate the social, ethical, economic and civic advantages of systematic co-operation in well-directed outdoor play, there is a rapidly growing interest in gymnastics, national dances and everything that can be turned to account in furtherance of the new movement.

This may be the reason that in looking through a recent very attractive number of *La Patrie Suisse*, I was particularly struck by the number and variety of the really artistic, educative and inspiring outdoor entertainments therein depicted, both by word and picture. This little paper, consisting of about a dozen pages not so large as UNITY, is in fact a thoroughly outdoor number, throwing a suggestive light on many phases of Swiss life and character. Let me sketch the contents:

First, a notice of the very successful opening of the ninth International Geographical Congress, held at Geneva, July 27 to August 5, in connection with the golden anniversary of the local Geographical Society. This congress had a registration of 700 members. It was divided into 14 sections, each presided over by some eminent specialist, such as Prof. Penck, of Berlin; Sir John Murray, of Edinborough; the explorer, Nordenskjiöld, and others. Twenty-one governments, 30 universities and institutions of higher learning, and 97 geographical or other learned societies were represented by 300 delegates. This notice is illustrated by the portrait of Mr. Arthur de Claparede, the widely known traveler and scholar, and many times president of the Geneva Geographical Society.

The next striking illustration represents a large concourse of people before an open air stage, with Nature's own setting of mountain, forest and lake for a background to a tableau from a local "Festspiel" at Moutier, in the Bernese Juras. In connection with a music and song festival, Prof. Bessire composed a libretto retracing the history of Moutier from the time of the founding of the famous Abbey of St. Germain to the present day. To the accompaniment of song and dialogue the various periods and actors were made to live again before the eyes of their descendants, in the old familiar scene. Are there not places in America even now where a festival of this character could be made beautiful and inspiring?

Turning the leaf, we come upon another picture no less characteristic of the national life. Perhaps it could be matched over here at our military camps; I do not know. The Swiss army is a citizen soldiery, very dear to the sturdy patriotism of the Swiss people, because it is an admirably drilled and equipped army, for defense only, nevermore to be hired out in the service of oppression or aggression. The picture in hand represents the religious service at Fribourg, July 28, at the annual encampment for inspection and drill. Side by side under the spreading trees, are the Catholic altar and the Protestant pulpit. From the one the Protestant chaplain exhorted these citizen soldiers to "Watch and pray," after which, at the other, his Catholic confrere celebrated low mass.

A little further along comes a view of the scene of the federal wrestling matches at Neuchâtel, July 26-27. The central government does not disdain to take a hand in promoting the physical health and vigor of the people. The federal shooting matches give the Swiss their recognized pre-eminence in marksmanship, and these wrestling contests are also extremely popular. This one, held in the open square in front of the new Catholic cathedral at Neuchâtel, brought together some 7,000 people. There were seats for 4,800 and they were nearly all filled both days. Beside the wrestling, there were other gymnastic exercises, both old and new, a competitive jodling contest and other features, together with a banquet, a parade and an illumination. One interesting episode noted by the papers was the presence in the front row of the spectators at one of the wrestling matches, of a little shepherdess, who was the sister of one of the champions and the betrothed of the other.

Then comes a notice of the successes of Swiss marksmen at the shooting matches in connection with the imperial jubilee at Vienna. This is accompanied by a photograph of the Swiss group of participants.

Facing this is a striking scene from Mr. Adolph Ribaux's historic drama, Divico, presented in an open-air theater at Brevaix, July 28, for the first time. This is not a mere *Festspiel*, but a powerful, well-constructed, five-act drama, based on the story of Divico, the great Helvetian chief and conqueror of Cassius. The scene before us is that of the Romans passing under the yoke. For nearly three hours, says the reporter, the audience, comfortably installed in a verdant theater facing the lake and the distant Alps, followed with growing enthusiasm the course of this well-planned and truly remarkable drama. The curtain fell amid tumultuous applause, a richly deserved tribute to the author and to the actors who for three months have given all their spare time—and more—to the study of the parts assigned them. This new success of Mr. Ribaux recalls the triumphs he had already won as creator of a national theater, at Avences, with *Julia Alpinula*, at Grandson with *Charles-le-Téméraire*, and at Payerne with *La Reine Berthe*.

We come to an end of the little paper with an idealizing touch for the water toboggan, finding it set up at Coppet in connection with a *kirmess* of the local music societies, and giving its patrons a plunge into the blue waters of Lake Leman in face of the Savoisien Alps.

M. E. H.

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